

THE ASAKCA NEWSLETTER

1. Introduction

Well, here it is! I think I've gotten enough information back by now to at least get the first issue out. The initial response was only about 25%, but quite a few more people have responded now that I've resorted to threats of personal violence and detainment of close family members. I hope that the newsletter can become a medium for exchange of interests and ideas (*or, barring that, I hope it gets me recognized as a great literary talent so I can move to Hollywood and burn my brains out on drugs*).

I've gathered the responses into personal info and general suggestion sections, and we should have an up to date address list within a couple issues thanks to some extra-curricular personal effort (*way to go, Guido!*). Many of the suggestions are very good and I'd like to see articles from you guys by the next issue, though I won't **pressure** anyone to contribute (*right, Guido?*).

I think that Al has made a pretty good summation of the PFRC history and objectives of this newsletter. I agree that a rotating editorship is the right way to go. I do not want this to go the way of PYRO, this is a means of keeping in touch and relating interesting stories about our lives as they progress, or maybe not, but it sounds good.

But enough of this, to prove my commitment to making this idea work I'm going to make an unprecedented move. I'm including here, for the second and last time on paper, my exclusive (*fanfare please*) **Chile Recipe** ! This famous recipe has previously only been given as wedding presents and presidential gifts to visiting dignitaries.

- 1 30 oz. can whole tomatos (or 8 small fresh tomatos)
- 2 30 oz. cans tomato sauce (puree 10 tomatos)
 - 1 8 oz. can tomato paste
 - 1 fresh onion
 - 1/2 lb. cheddar cheese (grated)
- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef (or 2 lb. chuck)
- 1 8 oz. can tomatos and green chilis (El Rio or Ortega)
 - 1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 tsp. garlic salt
 - 2 tbsp. dried diced onions
 - 4 tbsp. chili powder
 - optional
 - 1 tbsp. tabasco sauce
- 1 30 oz. can kidney beans
- 1 4 oz. can mushrooms

Slice the tomatos into small pieces and place in a large pot or slow cooker. Add tomato sauce, tomatos and chilis, paste and spices (*beans*). Start cooking over low heat.

If using chuck roast, cut into 1/2" cubes. Brown beef in a skillet (*with mushrooms*) and drain off all grease once the meat is uniformly brown. Add to tomato mixture.

Simmer over low heat for at least 3 hours. If more spicing is desired after this time, you can add more chili powder or some tobascso sauce and cook for another hour.

To serve, dice up the fresh onion just before serving and top the chili with a sprinkling of onion and a generous helping of grated cheese.

2. Suggestions

The following is a condensation of the most frequent suggestions included in the information sheets.

- a. Punctuality: I think a semi-annual publication is about right.
- b. A separate address list: included here, additions or corrections would be appreciated.
- c. Articles are a MUST: everyone should feel free to submit articles on their area, lifestyle or hobby. (perhaps a current events in Houghton?)
- d. ART! A logo and illustrations for articles or just fillos.

In reference to [c], don't have any doubts that people ARE interested in what you are doing and what you have to say!

3. Information

The following are the [slightly edited] responses to the information sheet I sent out earlier this year. I hope these will continue to come in in the next few issues and everyone can be located with time.

3.1 Larry A. Brader

XXXXX California. I'm just finishing going through government
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX which is ok for now. But I like to
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX In summation XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.

I know a lot of people think that the government is snoopy into our personal lives too much. But I XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX. For a better and freer America (music), we must defend against the communist Red menace which threaten our very homes, freedom, and our Visa and Master Card accounts. GOD BLESS AMERICA and XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.

Besides that, I'm renting a house with a couple of other people, and my dog an Old English Sheepdog (Maxwell). I live about 1/4 mile from the Pacific in the heart of Los Angeles and am making money. My lifestyle is composed of a middle-class engineer with a mixture of northern midwest and a slight touch of the south. I'm trying for the NME (Nominal Middle-class Engineer) award for 1984.

Although I keep having these dreams of something that existed before this, I can barely recall them at times. When it seems that I can almost remember something that's terribly important it's time for my medication to make me lay back and not worry. Yes, this is the life; to be part of the American Dream [or the coffee achievers..ed].

In a slightly more serious note, in case I don't talk to you in the next year, I am currently looking for a Grad school to work on my Master's in Math. Life in L.A. is interesting. I can travel 100 miles N, S, E, and still be in LA. The pollution is as bad as they say it is. Personally it's a fun city if you have money, time, and a good sense of humor. To live here, don't trust my judgement, try it yourself and see how you like it.

For all those who are/getting/or thinking about marriage, congratulations. For all those who are/getting/or thinking they are finding contentment, happiness in what they do, you have my respect.

3.2 Duane L. Corpe

PFRC 79-84

EE-MTU

STUDENT-MTU

Graduate, get a job, have kids, buy a garage for our station wagon, watch Monday night football.

Suggest having it on a net sounds like a good idea, but some form of hardcopy will be necessary for those without net access. Maybe circulating a 3 1/2 hard-shell disk in the mail, to which members could add comments as desired. As you mentioned, getting time to do this will always be sporadic. How about calling it "Real World People"? Maybe someday get a

T.V. show, even.

What would I like to do? Buy Bell's Bellmac-based computer as soon as it comes out, write some dorky business program that makes me a million, then do fun stuff with it. I want to get a Master's sometime, in parallel architecture.

3.3 Al Duester

PFRC 76-81

BSEE

WOOD'S HOLE OCEANOGRAPHIC

Hi People,

This being the first of the ASAKCA newsletters, I thought it would be appropriate to say a few words about our somewhat less than humble beginnings. I, for those of you who don't know, am Cap'n Al, the lout that started this whole mess back around the time when the dinosaurs held their last beach party.

Back in 1976, that is:

There was a lower form of life that had recently infested the campus of MTU. Part of a yearly plague, the Freshmen had arrived, ready to be enlightened and raised another notch up the scale towards intelligence. One of those beings had an interest in Star Trek and science fiction. Lacking most of the ordinary social graces and not finding much it liked to do, it posted notices around the campus, inviting Trekkies to meet in the T.V. room in the basement of DHH on a Saturday night. There were others around that responded to the notices, and when that being entered the room that Saturday [that FATEFUL Saturday], faces turned towards it as if questing "is this the right place?". The creature responded to the turned faces by raising its right arm toward them and spreading its twisted fingers into the sign of the Vulcan Greeting.

The club has come a long way since those early days. It wasn't long before we discovered that there were better things in life than Star Trek. But along the path, sometime between the subtle battles to wrest the T.V. room from rabid football fans and the parting with MTU for the final time, there were friendships formed that were meant to last past the end of college. There were also people that we met that we hope never to cross paths with again! This newsletter is meant to keep those of us who wish to participate in touch. It doesn't seek to force every past member of PFRC to participate. It does offer a way to keep alive that spark of life and enjoyment that we shared through those winters. Those of you who are here to share, welcome. Remember though, sharing is a two way street, and in order for this newsletter to survive, you must give as well as receive. I don't know if we should impose a minimum activity level before folks are dropped from the mailing list. Should we treat this just like another APA? Should each member take responsibility for one issue? My own feelings are that twice a year, we should all sit down and write a letter to each other, APA style with comments and a central editor to handle collation and remailing. If Paul isn't interested I'm willing to take over. One issue should probably be due so that it can be distributed at Minicon in April [oops], and the other so that it can be at Windycon in October.

Paul should be thanked profusely for organizing this first issue. Paul headed the idea to form ASAKCA years ago, but if memory serves me correctly, I was elected to be the head. The publishing of the newsletter was supposed to have been my responsibility (I think). Along with that, it was voted that a certain sum of money was to be sent in by each member for the printing and mailing of the newsletter. To date, John Frambach has been the only one who has done so. I think that the amount was two dollars per year. Not much when you add together the costs of postage and Xeroxing. For now, let's all send Paul the two bucks. The fund should eventually follow along to whoever ends up with the job of acting editor. It should not come to pass that a few people have to go hundreds into the hole to publish this thing as has happened with PYRO. Send your part now!

On what's happened to me over the past few years. I left Da Tech in the Spring of 1981. Borrowing Kris Kuipers van, I moved my stuff downstate, then moved Eric McKee from Decatur, Ill. to Minneapolis where she still resides. Then it was back to Houghton to grab a few things and retrieve my Honda. A few weeks delay while we waited for a mechanic to repair the front end of the Honda (dealt a near fatal blow by a Tapiola pothole) caused lots of frustration. Next, John Frambach and I took off cross Canada to New England. The trip was a combination of vacation, job hunting, seafood and lobster dinners, and visits to relatives. On the way we got the idea of stopping in at Wood's Hole Oceanographic to find out what the place was really like. I'd read the article in Omni (Children of Poseidon) that started "There is an alien civilization living peacefully on the southwestern tip of Cape Cod, Massachusetts." and it had piqued my interest a bit. Since it was only a hundred or so miles out of the way, John and I headed for it. We started with the ploy of students seeking to remain apart from the real world for a few more years, and before I knew what I was doing, I was talking terms of employment with the crazed gadgeteers inside its walls. The job was clinched when I pulled a desperately needed high voltage capacitor out from under the nose flute in my techie kit for one of the laser systems they were building.

All that was left was waiting for the administration to process the normal paperwork. I've been told a miracle must have happened, because it took only three weeks instead of three months as is normal. In the intervening time we finished the trip. The packing of all my home goods was next, then the wait for the next few weeks while I worried that something had gone wrong and I would not get the position. The calls finally came through, and I filled a 20 ft U-Haul to near its limits. It was off to the Rochester berserker for the weekend with my brother driving piglet behind the truck. After the berserker we stopped off at my mom's place in Vermont to pick up my piano. Then it was down to Wood's Hole.

My first three weeks were spent in a boarding house just up the road from the institution. All my stuff was being stored in my boss' basement save my piano which spent the next 8 months in the coffee room at work! The next month I found shelter by watching a private house for another woman who was taking a vacation in Vermont. I finally got a call from another woman who said that they had just finished up a room in their barn. Turned out that the barn had been converted into a home and the downstairs apartment (on the second floor) had been finished for use. My fears of watching the sun rise through the walls were ungrounded. I took the apartment, and just finished moving all my junk in by the time I was ready to leave for Denvention. That first year most of my spare funds were spent going to cons. After a time though, it became clear to me that I could not keep it up. More so, once I had found a lady that was interested in me.

For those of you who aren't aware of it, I'm engaged to that young lady now. Her name is Bonnie Chapline. Bonnie is studying early childhood education at U-Mass in Boston, and commutes to there three times a week. I met her a little over a year ago at a square dance at Wood's Hole. We hit it off quite well together, she being crazy and I being insane. I don't know many other folks who've counted all the sheets on a roll of Scottissue toilet paper to make sure they get all one thousand sheets. We haven't set a date yet, but we've decided that it will be some spring. We don't know if we will be in Wood's Hole when we tie the knot either. After looking at prices in the area, it became apparent that it will be almost impossible to purchase a home on the Cape. The property that we had been renting the apartment on has been divided for sale. The barn that the apartment was in with about 4 acres of land has been put on the market for \$320,000. That much land would have been the right size for us. Anything resembling that size would probably be more, seeing as how at least an acre of the land consists of the driveway to the barn. Little as I like the idea, it appears we will be leaving WHOI and the Cape in a few years for parts more affordable.

I've been acting as a technician for Bonnie's family, fixing various items like TVs, stereos, and anything else that's broken. Keeps me in good with the future in-laws. Our own stuff has been falling apart at a fast enough pace that I seem to spend an evening or more a week fixing

something or other. When the stuff I've had for years isn't falling apart, there's always something new on the shelves to be worked on. Not surprising, with my tendency to bring home hopeless amplifiers and disowned instruments.

We've also moved into larger quarters - a house in Wood's Hole proper. That translates to higher rent and added utilities, but it was the only place we could find below \$500/month at all. Costa are such that we won't be at Minicon this year, though we may be able to get to LACon. Even that is beginning to look doubtful now, with my car dissolving at an ever-increasing rate, and with Bonnie's school schedule as it is.

At WHOI, I'm a Research Assistant. My job amounts to an Engineer in training, halfway between engineer and technician. I get to design and build prototype electronic subsystems. More often than not, these prototypes end up being the actual systems that get used in an operational instrument. We rarely have time or finding to make nice pretty systems with rows of gleaming custom PC boards. Most systems contain a fair percentage of wire-wrapped boards.

I've been at sea three times, with another cruise coming up in July. I was almost killed by a Triffid on the first trip (honest!). I've been writing a journal of sorts, printing all the cruise reports in Pyrotechnics, the GT newsletter. If there's enough interest, I'll reprint them in a future issue of this newsletter.

I've worked on the laser Doppler Velocimeter - a device to non-invasively measure currents by measuring the doppler shift of reflected laser light off suspended particulate matter; the pop-up profiler - an instrument that releases disposable probes into the water from the ocean bottom and tracks their movements as they rise, yielding a profile of currents in a vertical column; 5 Megahertz ACOUSTIC depth measurement units; SEA Duct - a 6000 lb. sedimentation laboratory in an instrument designed to measure erosion properties of the sea floor in situ; LORLOC - a free floating bouy that takes its own LORAN position and transmits it back to shore monitoring stations; and various other piddling things that have gotten tossed my way.

Last year I bought two computers. The most recent one is the Radio Shack model 100 notebook portable. The model 100 is the same size as the average three ring binder. It comes with text processing, scheduler, telecommunications, & address filing software. Hardware accoutrements include an RS-232 and Centronics port, an auto-dial direct connect modem, cassette and bar code interfaces, and an 8 line by 40 char. LCD display. For more info see the May '83 issue of BYTE.

My other new machine is a NEC Advanced Personal Computer with two 1Meg 8" floppy disks, 256 bytes of user RAM, eight color display with text overlaid on top of a 640x470 graphics window into a virtual 1K x 1K graphics display. It has an 8086 processor and I intend to install the 8087 math co-processor in the future. I'm running CP/M-86 with graphics extension and I can get MS-DOS any time. Do any of you still wonder about my being low on funds?

The NEC is the official micro of the WHOI administration too, with almost fifty machines scattered about, so there's lots of software around the place. I also have access to lots of peripherals at work that other folks have connected to their NECs.

My personal word processor is the Benchmark. Most folks at WHOI use Wordstar, but it wasn't out for the NEC when I bought mine (I was one who introduced it to the boss, who decided it was the machine to get for the tasks to be performed). My serial number is less than 300.

Scounge is not lacking out here. The WHOI auction two months ago netted a few things of value. I picked up an HP-80 calculator (the financial version of the HP-35) for \$2, a digitizer for my computer for 25 cents (I hope finally to pick up the 3' x 4' tabletop next month), and

a Canon t-50 automatic SLR camera without lens for \$1.75. The Canon was so cheap because it had fallen 500' into a beach. One of the engineers at WHOI uses model airplanes to carry cameras. The planes are flown so as to photograph dyes and floats to observe tidal patterns and flows. During one such occasion, the pilot lost sight of the plane in the sun and pulled back on the control stick a little too hard in something resembling a panic. The rubber bands holding the wings on snapped, and the fuselage made like a dart for the beach below. After a 500 foot plunge it buried itself 18 inches into the beach, camera and all. The camera was sent out for repair but was returned as being uneconomical to repair. The store offered \$10 for it for salvage of the parts. When I got hold of it it took me two hours of work to strip it down, clean the sand out, and put it back together. The camera works fine now! The sand had jammed the auto-winder, causing the batteries to be loaded down to the point where the electronics couldn't function. Once the sand was out, the systems all worked fine as the day they came out of the box. With the 28mm lens I have on somewhat permanent loan from one of the folks at work I now have a second camera system around the house for snapshots! I'm going to try writing an ad for Canon sometime soon to see if I can get a few free lenses out of the story.

The same auction netted a Bell & Howell 16mm projector for a quarter. The amount of salt spray that the machine took while it was on the ships years ago, and the fact that it was just stored away without cleaning may make the machine unrepairable, but I hope that some work with Scotchbrite will clean things up properly.

That's all for this go-round. Keep things working on the home front, and get busy on the next submission for the newsletter now!

3.4 Cathy Hudson

PFRC BSEE,MSEE - Purdue AT&T Bell Laboratories

Ubiquitous Epiphany

Left MTU in 5/79. Started Purdue in 8/79. Thought about quitting school 9/01/79. Changed mind and dyed Hovde Hall fountain with floriscene, 9/05/79. Became friends with Jim Swain, friend of Bill Higgins. Suffered. Studied. Suffered. Visited MTU 1/80. (Took solid state quiz for no good reason but to confuse Todd Johnson's professor.) Visited Notre Dame; became honorary member of Father Sorin's Lunch Club, 5/80.

Interned at Rush Pres-St.Luke's Hospital in Chicago. Played in open-heart surgery with doctors. Spent Summer watching Steve Kirk develop strange new allergies.

Began Purdue again in 8/80. Began preparing for Grad School. Became very depressed, lost desire to talk for a while. 1/81, met physicist named Larry Browning. Visited MTU 5/81. Began taking guitar lessons, 5/81. Graduated with BSEE 5/81. Started Graduate research next day.

Did research, grew garden, played guitar, and worked out matrix algebra problems. BSed with Physicists about solitons and irregular sets over Summer, 81.

Began teaching and taking too many Grad courses. Met office-mate Bill Carlson and roommate Charles Labrec, comic books collectors, Dr. Who fanatics, and Unix Wizards extraordinaire. Joined last living Purdue commune; received great shock when "Norm" turned out to be "Norman", not "Norma", 9/81. Became Course Coordinator; simultaneously put on probation for poor academic performance. Became engaged to Larry Browning 12/24/81. Put Larry on plane bound for Belgium, 12/30/81. Start playing mountain dulcimer.

1/82 struggled to get off probation. Started drinking beers at Garcia's Friday nights with hackers. Had vivid fears that one day I'd find Guy Wicker sitting at the desk next to mine charging up his capacitor collection. Fail to get off probation 5/82. Start to spend more time with Bill, Charlie, and Unix. Discover office key also works for EE building attic. Spend much time on building roof playing with borrowed crossbow. Larry lost somewhere in Italy, 5/82.

Summer 82, receive fellowship and continue research. Spend much time doing mathematics and performing canine surgery. 6/82, forced to give mouth to mouth to unconscious dog with halitosis at 3 A.M. for a hour due to downloading problem with a PDP11/30. Spend even more time with Bill, Charlie, and Unix. Become disgusted with Larry, 7/82. Lose thesis topic, become disengaged, and leave to party with Bill in Connecticut, 8/82. See Steve Kirk during the trip; note that he has developed even more exotic allergies.

9/82, Really try this time to get off probation. Develop more vices than ever during this period: Bill, Charlie, Steve Uitti, Matt Alspaugh, comic books, Dave Letterman, Dr. Who, old movies, guitar, dulcimer, and gin'n'tonics. Consequently, academic performance improves. Off probation, 12/82.

1/83, best semester of grad career. Decide to screw thesis option and take nifty math course and play with brainwave electronics. Much gosh wow fun. Collect more vices. Spend time hanging out with veterinarian students making animal jokes. Larry Brader stops by on way to California, rear- ranging "All Star Chili" sign behind house to read "Cat Syphillis". Bill Haines and John Frambach also stop by on the way to Florida. Begin paper concerning matrix software, 3/83. Ace courses, proving that the best way to do well in school is not to pay attention to your work.

6/83, take computer course and work on matrix software paper. See light at end of tunnel. Discover the joys of C programming and data structures. Turn in paper after sixth revision. Leave Purdue, 8/83. Discover light at end of tunnel to be headlight of oncoming train. Return to Undue Perversity 8/83. Leave to visit MTU and participate in loft raising 8/83.

Finish last bit of work on paper in MTU library, 9/83.

See Blob Trembly and meet my look-alike, Connie. Return to Purdue, 9/83, briefly. Find myself suddenly out of university and very unemployed.

Return to parent's home; spend much time with Todd Johnson, Mary Lynn Skirvins, and Bill Higgins. Decide to forget about unemployment and go backpacking in Europe, 10/83. Find out that reading German and speaking German are not the same things. Manage to send Wycliff missionaries to Mormon Church and get very drunk on top of a mountain in Salzburg due to subsequent translational errors.

11/83 Return from Europe. Knit 12 foot long scarves to stave off boredom. Manage to go to Bell Labs interview with dress fully unzipped. 1/84 get job offer from Bell Labs anyway.

1/84, drive to New Jersey via Toronto. See Steve Kirk on the way. Am disappointed to learn he has developed no new interesting allergies. Settle in Fair Haven in an old decrepit house by the river filled with other eccentric Bell Labs employees. After 3 weeks of work abandon all attempts at normalcy. Play with many nifty electronic toys and spend company money. Meet Dale Skran, friend of Bill Higgins. Start to attend NJSFA (NJSciFiAssoc.) functions. Meet Guy Wicker at NJSFA meeting. Start talking to Guy about computers, 2/84.

Remember suddenly that talking to Guy about computers in 2/78 precipitated my introduction to Fandom.

Life is filled with endless cycles.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES: Start PhD. '86, Berkeley, perhaps.

Talk to Guy Wicker about computers, '90.

Return to teach at MTU, '91 (Based on

the observational truth that life is

filled with endless cycles.)

[ed. note: THANK YOU, Cathy, for being able to send this via USENET. My tired little fingers thank you, my tired little eyes thank you, my mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my dog thanks you.....]

3.5 Eric Horner

PFRC 78-82 BSCS - MTU Sperry Univac

Moved to Roseville, Mn. in March 1982. Got married on June 26, 1982. Bought house in Blaine Mn. and moved in end of October 1983.

Interests: computers, golf

Future plans: start a family

3.6 Todd R. Johnson

PFRC 76-82 BSEE - MTU Fermi Nat'l Accelerator Lab

Travelled around interviewing for jobs; stayed with Cap'n Al for a week or so and with Alice Insley and Mike Bentley in Rochester, N.Y. for a month. The job at Fermi finally came through in March, and I got an apartment with my fiancée, Mary Lynn, right across the parking lot from Bill Higgins. Current projects include video/robotics experiments, building and selling laser light shows, and learning about accelerators. This summer I will be taking an exam which covers all phases of accelerator operation (there are a LOT of phases of accelerator operation!). Upcoming years will see the completion of the antiproton accumulator ring and the colliding beam facility. Depending on politics, Fermilab may someday be the site of the SCC - superconducting super collider - a 100 mile circumference ring with an energy of 20 TeV. Pretty exciting stuff.

3.7 Colleen Kobe

PFRC 77-84 BSCS - MTU student -MTU

I haven't graduated yet, but when I do, I want to "start my career", have a kid or two, and I'm not sure what else. I sold a short story to Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine in February, (have already cashed the check) (no, I don't know when it'll be published, darn it all), and the success of that tastes so good that now I want to write a novel! (wouldn't that be great??) It certainly wouldn't be a full time profession,...not for a while anyway. I want to learn to effectively paint with an airbrush. I'd love to become a consultant (software), learn more languages (computer AND human) and get BETTER as I get older. I want to run a marathon, and failing that, complete the Iron Man contest in Hawaii (note I say "complete"). Oh yes, and to be rich and not have to do any more dishes or laundry or cooking.

Other than that, I don't want much.

Title suggestions: The Drifters: Newsletter for da Permanent Floating Riot Club

3.8 Kitty O'Brian

PFRC BSMetE - MTU IBM - Burlington

Living in beautiful Vermont. I now have a son named Timothy. He was born in January 1983. He is absolutely adorable. Alan and I separated last July. With that I joined the ranks of the struggling single parents. I haven't done much but take care of Timothy when I get home. Children have a way of monopolizing attention. So my life, in short, has been uneventful, but I survive.

Suggestions: nothing really I don't think anyone would be interested in what's happened to me so it doesn't matter.

3.9 Alan Salmi

PFRC 78 BA Psych.,MSW - UM

Working Part time for a word processing place, taking 17 credits in graduate school to finish my Master's in April, after that, either being employed somewhere shrinking heads or

starving.

Interests: Going to conventions (I just made my 40th, which was Genuine Confusion in January). Future Plans: trying to graduate, keeping from starving, learn hypotherapy better, learn a musical instrument, go to more cons, maybe move to New York City if I can find a job (if anyone out there knows of work, please let me know!).

Other stuff: Please let me know if you're going to be going to any conventions in the near future, it will increase my chances of getting to one. I would also propose that MiniCon be designated the official PFRC/ASAKCA reunion convention (since it seems to happen that way anyway).

3.10 Mary Lynn Skirvin

PFRC 79-84

ARTIST

[really good!!!!..ed]

As a "Pseudo Toot" (an award given to me 2 summers ago) I still stay in touch as much as possible. But now that Todd and I are engaged, our plans are sort-of following the usual paths: home, new car, money, etc.

Todd and I moved into our present apartment because he got a job at Fermilab. For me, this was a "golden opportunity". We struck a deal, in that I would manage money, clean house, grocery shop, host parties, and run errands in exchange for the chance to stay at home and develop my art. It's only now beginning to pay off. We turned the second bedroom into a workshop where he has his bench and mountains of scrounged parts, and I have a drafting table and all the art materials I could want. My art is improving dramatically now that I'm doing color painting almost exclusively, but the learning process is a hard one, and I make a lot of mistakes. Primarily, I have to get used to that idea that it's ok that I don't work a regular job, and that I can spend all day drawing if I want. The stigma of being disapproved of though, hangs very close and I have a hard time staying in the right frame of mind. If folks could just accept that I'm not ripping Todd off and that He likes that fact that he can give me this chance to develop, I'd be much happier.

Although his mom is a little slow in accepting our engagement, my mom has accepted him as one of her own brood (I was eldest of six children). She thinks he's great. This is a great emotional triumph for me. She didn't like any of my former companions.

Todd and I have an ornery cat named Coriolis (Cory for short). He eats my plants, claws the stereo speakers and the furniture, keeps me awake at night, knocks things off shelves, and bites. But he'll have his come-uppance next month when I get him neutered. That'll take the wind out of his sails, you betcha!

Maybe some day I'll go back to school and take some animation courses, that'd be loads of fun.

3.11 Tom Snoblen

PFRC 76-82

TMSI

After leaving da tech in the fall of '82 due to lack of money, I returned to my home in Tawas to find out that the family business had finally been sold (it went up for sale the day after we bought it) and that I had four days to pack up my lab and antenna farm (about a ten year collection of junk). So everything was packed up and I said good-bye to my favorite surplus yard and moved to Lapeer where my clan has been living for three or four generations. As far as I can tell, nothing has happened there for that time period.

After enjoying about three months of unemployment, I decided it was time to get a job (my money ran out). My first offer was with Technical Micro Systems (note this name, you will see it again). I found out about this job by meeting the owners at a George Ewing GT berserker. For one reason or another, I turned TMSI down. The next offer came from Burroughs Corp., I was afraid of their corporate mold so I turned them down. Then I was

offered a job working for Heath Co. (yes, the people who make the kits) this job sounded like too much fun to turn down, so I took it.

I was right, it was a lot of fun working for Heath. After two years with them it looked like I was about to be promoted to the factory (I was working in their Detroit store) but I was not sure that I wanted to move to Benton Harbor.

Fortunately, I ran into Lee Hart again (President of TMSI and a Tech grad) at Conclave and we decided it was time for both of us to upgrade our HAM radio licenses, so I started coming to Ann Arbor once a week to study Morse code. One thing lead to another and now I am part owner of TMSI and building 8086 upgrades for Heath's line of computers (no, we never did get around to upgrading). Now for the big question. How can anyone who went to Tech and is a member of GT and the PFRC and works at a place that is better than 75% fannish ever make any money? I'm not sure of the answer, but I am going to find out.

3.12 Robert J. Trembley

PFRC 79-84 BSEE - MTU MTU

I graduated in May of 1983 and decided 5 years was enough... so I loafed and vegged almost all that summer...

About mid July, I started to play with the Cromemco Z-2D color graphics computer in the MTU interactive color graphics lab. Mostly I played with the "art" programs, "painting" pictures... it was fun, but I wanted a job there..... So I started to learn more about the system, and tried to get recognized by the powers that be. Well...

One day when I was programming, a guy came up to me and wanted me to do some illustrations for his Master's thesis on CADAM. So I did. Made good bucks off it too... I spent a lot of time in the graphics lab doing CADAM work, and when the end of August came, around I got offered a job as Lab Assistant due, I think, to my skills on the CADAM system.

Anyway... here I am still, hoping to become part of the Staff of the graphics lab at some point in the future, it would be nice...

Constance L. Martin (Connie) and I have been living together above the Big Boy in downtown Houghton going on 1 year and 4 months. We plan on getting married August 4, 1984, and living wherever one of us gets a job...

3.13 Paul B. Westerfield

PFRC 76-81 BS Math, MSCS AT&T Bell Labs/APR

Well, let's see. I graduated from Tech along with Al and a few of the other folks back in 1976. After bidding adieu to the Keweenaw Co-Op (indian for "place that shakes in the wind") building, my dad and I drove straight through back to Dayton, Ohio with only slight stops for some of Ohio's finest to give Dad some driving tips.

With the purchase of a \$500 car the next day, I was off for a summer of frolic with McDonnell-Douglas, building high tech implements of destruction. I was working on a CAM system for machining titanium structural members for F-15s and F-18s. The job was fun, but for those of you who don't know already, St. Louis in the summer makes one appreciate the memories of Houghton at 20 below (*which I never believed possible*).

After a short vacation by van round trip to Phoenix via the Grand Canyon and parts west, I moved to Columbus, Ohio to attend grad school at Ohio State (... *same to you*). It was fun to find myself teaching classes that I had just recently passed myself, and I came to appreciate the plight of the beleaguered T.A. This has come to be known as my blew period, since I blew off almost all social functioning that cut into my sleep time (ie. all). I managed to make a few cons during that time, partly due to intermittant trips to Houghton and partly to sell some infrequent objects d'art.

I graduated from OSU last June with a Master's in Computer Science and came to appreciate what it is like to interview at a big school. I think I had a total of 27 interviews and 8 plant trips, ranging from Rhode Island to California. What is amazing is the fact that after putting on all those air miles and dealing with endless rental cars and nameless interviewers I ended up staying right here in Columbus, oh well.

Right now I'm consulting at Bell Labs on a software project that tracks down problems in the phone network and (hopefully) gets them fixed. I've been with the project 7 months and already I'm one of the "old people", due mostly to the high degree of mobility within the Labs. I've been doing design and development on real time data collection stuff, some report generation stuff (ho hum), and have designed and implemented most of the graphics capabilities on the system. It's a good first job and I'll be here until later this year when I hope I'll be able to get support for a project proposal I've currently got in the works with my Dept. Head.

Other than that, I'm living, as Larry said, the life of a middle class engineer. I'm beginning to collect late 18th century furniture, working with the OSU Radio Observatory trying to enhance its computer control and watching my new townhouse go up.

Since it certainly seemed to be the fad this year, and after a lot of extremely valuable, though nonterminal, experience in the area, I've gotten engaged. My fiance's name is Susan Birmingham and she's currently enrolled in the school of allied medicine here at OSU studying to be an Occupational Therapist. OT is a branch of physical therapy that deals mostly in small motor (hands, etc.) and psychological rehabilitation. She'll be done with her internships late in '85 and we plan to get married in there somewhere.

In the long term I think I'll be going back for a BSEE and/or a Phd. in biomechanical engineering. I'd like to work on robotic prostheses or an implanted vision processing system down the road, but for the middle term I think that factory automation will be my stepping stone to that.

As for interests, I'm still cycling and am off next weekend to ride TOSRV, a 390 km. ride down to Ohio River and back. I haven't been drawing much, but will probably start again after seeing the poor showing at MiniCon this year (except for Mary Lynn and Colleen, much of it was very marginal). My interest in Ham radio remains of peripheral value, and I'm trying to get started on a project to put our repeater down in Dayton under control of a 6809 I've had sitting around. As I said, I'm starting to get involved with the OSU radio observatory, the "Big Ear", but that has been slow in coming since their 11/23 and 11/40 have been up and down like a roller coaster.

Well, since I'm the one who has to type this now, I'll end with best wishes to Al, who I believe has elected himself as the next typist/editor/stamp licker.

By the way, as of 8-1-84 my new address will be 365 W. 5th St., 43210.

3.14 Guy Wicker

PFRC 77-83 BSEE,MSEE - MTU IBM - Syracuse

I am currently designing scientific supercomputer memories and controls for IBM, building an all MOS digital music synthesizer, reading S.F. and expanding my D&D world. Despite what most people think, not everyone at IBM is straight-laced and conservative. They all just look that way, except me. I am going to Grad school part time as well and should have a Phd. within 3 years.

3.15 Kathryn K. Wolfinger

PFRC 80-82 Student - MTU

MTU - tried photography with the LODE for awhile - highly unprofitable. I'm publicity chairman for the MTU/Soumi Concert Lecture Board (actors,agents,contracts, the works). I was DHH's Winter Carnival Queen candidate this year (what a thrill!) and will be coming back next year as an R.A. (hopefully!). I have predicted that things look pretty good that I'll be out of here in the standard 4 years. Oh, I did a lot of photography work this summer as Ass't. Mgr. of a studio in Chicago.

This summer? School in July and August, canoing in June, Isle Royale in between all of that. I miss the contact we had when we were all here - you're all in my thoughts. God bless! Good Luck.

3.16 Robert P. Yeo

PFRC 76-84

BA,BS,BS

MTU

I trust you all got the word many times over: PFRC (collectively) will be FANGOH at MiniCon in 1985! (ASAKCA included, I think)

Our speaker for TAF this year is Wendy Pini of Elfquest. This is perhaps our last speaker. We have done no fund raising to speak of since we were booted out of Film Co-op, and the treasury is about empty. Speaking of that, Dr. Agin suggests that when the Michigan Tech fund makes its annual beg, you might earmark your pledge, if any, for the PFRC speakers fund, this accomplishing the following:

1. get MTF off your back because you gave.
2. get income tax deduction.
3. help us keep on bringing SF/Fantasy speakers.
4. not give the administration full control of your contribution.

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